

The Weekend After the Genie

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Summary: mulder keeps his promise and brings steel magnolias over the following weekend

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> rating: pg
 disclaimer: they don't belong to me, never will,
yadda yadda yadda

> spoilers: maybe Je Souhaite

>
 Mulder kept his promise. The following weekend he showed up at
my door with a Domino's pizza and a Blockbuster case.

> "Hey Mulder," I greeted him.
 "Hey Scully, I hope you're not
busy?" It was a Saturday night, and I had just read the first
paragraph of the same book about ten times. Was I busy, I think not!
I was bored, I was restless, and I was lonely. So, when Mulder show
up at my door, I was ecstatic.

> "I think not."
 I kept my haywire emotions tightly wrapped up
and let my partner with a happy smile. Stepping past the threshold,
he handed to me the video.

> "Steel Magnolias?" I laughed. Not a chance had I forgotten our
conversation last weekend. I rarely forget anything he says. His
words have a habit of super-glueing themselves into my mind. I admit,
Caddyshack wasn't all that bad. If fact, it was rather funny.
 As
we settled ourselves on the couch I told him, "I ran into your Genie
today."

> "Really?" A grin toyed his face. He knew perfectly well that I was
still disappointed to find out that my invisible man had infact not
been a scientific find. I also still didn't fully believe that this
woman had been a true genie. Her story was too fantastic, too out
there.
 "She says thanks."

> Mulder reached for a slice of pizza. He wound the stringy cheese on
the nossel around his pointer finger. "Looks like I did the world
good after all," he boasted before stuffing the slice down his
throat. Rolling my eyes, I started the movie. I couldn't believe
Mulder was actually going to watch this movie with me. It wasn't his
usual selection of entertainment. A tearjerker and chicflick, no
less.
 As the movie started rolling I was distinctly aware of the

few inches that stood between me and him. I desperately fought the instinct to close the distance. Every logical nerve in my body told me we were just friends and to keep it that way. In all seven years of our partnership, he had only kissed me once. Just this year infact. On New Years. Subconsciously, my hands flew to my lips for a moment in remembrance.

> Nothing had happened after that. It was foolish of me to think anything would come of it. But I wonder--had it meant as much to Mulder as it had to me? One could only hope. I remember the looks he had given me last weekend. That was one of the few times when I had felt hot and cold in the same instant. Butterflies had swarmed chaotically in my stomach. I felt like.....
Like I was 15 and getting kissed for the first time. I'd been feeling that way a lot lately. Nothing has happened. Mulder is too respectful of me to try anything. That's one of the things I love about him.

> Yes. I love him. Somewhere during our seven years of partnership, my feelings for him crossed the fine line that lay between friendship and partners. One of the most difficult tests was our Arcadia assignment, when we went undercover as a married couple. Everytime he put his arm around me, everytime he touched me, I tensed, fighting to remember that this was only an assignment.
I haven't been paying attention to the movie. Unconsciously I have moved closer to my partner. A smile touched my face as he put his arm around me. I allowed myself to snuggle loser. The walls that we kept so tall and thick between us began to tumble.

> I don't remember actually finishing the movie. I had fallen asleep wrapped in the warmth of his body. The next thing I know, something light brushed my forehead. My eyes opened to see Mulder's face slowly push away from mine, and I felt him untangle from me.
"Don't go." I said, half asleep. He paused, as if deciding what was the right thing to do. "Please?"

> "Scully, its after 3 A.M."
"Pretty please?" I begged, slowly becoming more awake. I grasped his arm, holding it tightly so he couldn't go.

> "I guess it is kinda late."
I smiled victoriously. Stretching my arms, almost completely awake now, I offered to make coffee. He just looked at me incredulously. Okay so the idea was a bit outrageous, but I was awake now.

> "Its your fault. You woke me up!" I said. Mulder laughed. So I got up and made a pot of coffee while he flipped on the TV. Not that there was anything on at 3 AM. But Mulder had found some old movie to watch when I came back. I handed him a mug and sat quietly next to him. I love how we can do that. Just sit and next to eachother, without feeling like we have to say anything.
That's it! If Mulder wasn't going to do anything about our relationship, then I would have to. I think he feels the same way about me as I feel about him. No, wait, I know he feels the same way.

> "Mulder," I spoke softly, turning towards him. His arm, which had been wrapped around my shoulders, hung loosely over one now.
"Yeah?" His focus stayed glued to the TV. Its now or never. When I paused before speaking again, he looked at me, realizing I was going to say something somewhat serious.

> "Mulder," I said, closing the distance between our faces, "I'm going to kiss you."
"I know..." Our lips met in a sweet embrace and for that moment, everything else froze, and ceased to matter.

>

End
file.